

*The history*

And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge  
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,  
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,  
Dexterity so obaying appetite,  
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:  
That prooffe is call'd impossibility. *Enter Vlisses.*

*Vliss.* Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,  
*Patroclus* wounds haue rouz'd his droozy bloud,  
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*  
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt come to him.  
Crying on *Hector*, *Ajax* hath lost a friend,  
And foames at mouth, and hee is arme and at it:  
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day,  
Madde and fantastique execution:  
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe  
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,  
As if that lust in very spight of cuning, bad him win all.

*Enter Ajax.* *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*

*Dio.* I there, there?

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* Where is this *Hector*?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,  
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry  
*Hector* wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

*Enter Ajax.* *Troilus* thou coward *Troilus* shew thy head.

*Enter Diom.* *Troilus* I say wher's *Troilus*?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou.

*Diom.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,  
Ere that correction? *Troilus* I say what *Troilus*.

*Enter Troilus.*

*Troy.* Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy false face thou traytor,  
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

*Dio.* Ha art thou there?

*Ajax* Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed*.

*Diom.*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

*Diom.* He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

*Troy.* Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.

*Hect.* Yea *Troilus*, O well fought my yongest brother.

*Enter Achil.* Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Hector*.

*Hect.* Pause if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdaine thy custesie proud Trojan,

Be happy that my armes are out of vse:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt here of me againe:

Till when goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well.

I would haue beene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee, how now my brother. *Enter Troyl:*

*Troy.* *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas* shall it be,

No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen

He shall not carry him ile be tane to,

Or bring him off, fate here me what I say:

I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit.*

*Enter one in armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,

No? wilt thou not. I like thy armor well,

Ile frush it and vn'ock the riuetts all:

But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beast abide,

Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

*Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.*

Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,

Marke what I say, attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breth,

And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found:

Empale him with your weapons round about,

In fellest manner execut your armes

Follow me firs and my proceedings eye,

It is decreed *Hector* the great must die. *Exit.*

*Enter Therfi: Mene: Paris.*

*Ther.* The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it,

now bull, now doggelowe, *Paris* lowe, [now my double

hen'd spartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware

hornes ho? *Exit Paris and Menelus.*

*Enter*